

A MATTER OF DOUBT.

I love to read of daring deeds. Of clash and clamoring of war. To learn of one who bravely bleeds. Defending what he's fighting for. But South America is much too mingled for my mind to hitch— The tangle they are in is such I don't know which is fighting which. They're skipping out with treasures. And blowing public buildings down. And every city quakes and sees. Some doughty leader's fighting from. The cable brings the thrilling news. Of men who die in some last ditch— To grasp it must my mind refuse— I don't know which is fighting which. The clang of swords, the blustered boast. Are ringing now both night and day. The troops are battling on the coast. By sea and land they run away. Wonder if they know the truth. Or if to fight they really wish. Wonder if they know—fearless. If they know which is fighting which. —W. D. Nesbit, in Baltimore American.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A Drama of To-Day. By Hubert Cecil.

DESPITE the late hour, lights shone in the library, together with the glow and reflection of a big cheerful fire. Drawn near to this was a round oak table covered and littered by documents of all descriptions, while beside it with his rest on his arms, Horace Norcliffe, banker and broker, sat soundly sleeping. Outside the casement window, whose curtain had not been lowered, was a face sharp as that of any fox. The small eyes, intense and glowering, were fixed immovably on the slumbering man, and the slim, dapper body quivered with triumphant excitement at the sight. Cautiously inserting a sharp knife blade, he deftly forced up the sash, then stepped within, closed the window and dropped the curtain. Gliding noiselessly to the door, he turned the key in the lock. Presently, however, he shook the banker smartly by the shoulder. A disapproving grunt was the only response he received. But a vigorous slap on the back brought Horace to his feet with a bound. Staring about him, dazed and bewildered, he finally perceived the amused intruder, at whom he gazed long and incredulously. "Who are you?" he demanded, when his astonishment permitted. "What do you want here?" "I answer to Jedrey, and my business here is—well, rather peculiar." "Then state it quickly and be gone," said Horace sternly, with his hand on the bell, "unless you wish to be arrested." "You may ring yourself blue, my dear sir," returned Jedrey, "but no one will heed you. It has turned 12, and the servants are all in bed. Besides, you would be wise to hear me. A man of your prominence should always have a clear character, and not a mere pretence to one." "Why, what do you mean?" said Horace sharply. "Mean?" retorted Jedrey. "I mean to tell your history better even than you know it yourself." He then sketched the banker's career in an accurate manner. He told how when a susceptible young man he had married a woman who, older than himself, afterward proved to be unworthy of the love he had bestowed upon her either before or after he had made her his wife. As he had desired to avoid the scandal of a divorce he had left her to seek his fortune in a distant city. Reports that came to him from his old home told of the woman's downfall, disappearance, and finally of her death. After several years had passed he had met and married his present wife and was enjoying to the full the happiness of perfect love. Much as he regretted to disturb this happiness, the visitor continued, he was obliged to inform him that his first wife was not dead, but living and anxious to see him. "Heavens!" exclaimed Horace, all apathy vanishing in sudden dismay. "Alice alive? Alive? But no; impossible! It is false—hideously false! Beyond the slightest doubt she committed suicide."

To remain with his wife, should Alice chance to be alive, was utterly out of the question. His conscience and integrity, the whole man in him, forbade that. He would prove the dream either true or false, even though the result might break his heart. The next day, therefore, he instructed his valet to pack his portmanteau, and forward the same to him, directly he sent for them. Then he called on his lawyer, an old college chum. "George," he said, brokenly, gripping his hand, "certain circumstances have arisen which may necessitate my leaving the country. I shall know definitely to-morrow night. Everything is horribly unreal, as yet. But there, ask me no details, there's a good fellow. Only pledge your word to take this explanation to my wife. Comfort her, George, in memory of the old days. Let me harm befall her, don't allow her to grieve or fret, settle my affairs for her."

And ere the astonished man of law could accept or refuse the trust, Horace had rushed away. How the intervening hours passed, Horace was never clearly conscious. The appointed time, however, at last drew near, and faint and haggard, he quickly repaired to the place of meeting, anxious, yet dreading, to learn the worst. Jedrey was already there, and stepped forward from the shadow of one of the arches. "That's right," he said briskly. "I'm glad I did not mistake my man. Brought the money, I suppose." "Why else should I be here?" replied Horace, striving to conceal his trembling apprehension. "Yet even you cannot expect me to pay until Alice is produced alive."

"That is easily done," said Jedrey, keenly enjoying his discomfiture. "Follow me; it isn't far." Dejected and wretched, with every hope now shattered, Horace trudged mournfully in the wake of his guide. Yet had they thought to look behind, they must have inevitably detected three figures creeping stealthily after them. Presently a dull patch of light became visible. It shone from the window of a small, square cottage, old and dilapidated, whose door opened readily to the touch. The interior was a combined living and sleeping apartment. A low, filthy bed occupied one corner. In a chair at the side sat, or rather swayed, a woman truly indescribable. Coarse matted hair hung dankly about her head and shoulders. Her features, clean and washed, must have been more than repellent; but, black, grimy, bloated, grinning, they presented an appearance shocking and repulsive in the extreme.

"Hello, Horry, old boy," she cried, "how are you? Come, give us a kiss, dearie! What's my cherub say? Ha! ha! ha! Then let me give you one." The banker surveyed her silently, dumbly, blankly. There had been no deception, no trickery. "Are you satisfied yet?" queried Jedrey, sardonically. "Perhaps you would like still further proof," Alice, he commanded, turning to her, "show him your marriage certificate." "Ha, ha, ha!" giggled Alice, fumbling among the folds of her tattered dress. "Proof does he want, eh? Pretends not to know his loving wife, does he? See," she added, drawing forth a crumpled document, and lurching toward him with it; "there you are, dearie, in black and white!" Suddenly, however, the door flew wide back, and George Grinnell, darting inside, hastily snatched the paper and scanned it eagerly. "Hurrah!" he shouted, throwing aside the drunken woman, who stumbled across the bed and passively lay there, half sobered by surprise. "As I imagined! before she met you! Mixed the certificates! Officer, officer, catch that man! Quick; don't let him escape! That's it; slip the jingles on him! Horace," he continued, shaking his hand excitedly, "you're a fool! Don't you comprehend, man? Jedrey's her husband—her real and first one! And Lucy's your wife—your second and true one!"—New York News.

Old Bridal Customs. There used to be a custom of strewing flowers before the bridal couples as they went to the church and from the church to the house. "Suppose the way with fragrant herbs were strewing. All things were ready, we to the church were going. And now suppose the priest had joined our hands."

The Good-Natured Woman. The woman of a thoroughly good-natured disposition has a far broader field in which to exert her influence than her serious minded sister. The former radiates her personality with that sunny, intangible something that always makes for herself a score of friends where the latter looks on and wonders what the magnet can be. When adversity strikes the man with the good-natured wife, that is the woman who can smile and see the "other side" even in the gloomiest aspect. It is he who looks to the good-humored side of the household for his consolation, says the Boston Post.

Doctors' Income in England. The British Medical Journal ventured an estimate of the average income that might be expected by the general practitioner in England, and put it at \$2000 to \$2500. The estimate was copied into several daily papers, and has produced a large crop of correspondence, teeming with ridicule and indignation. The general practitioners, who ought to know, declare that only a small proportion of their number earn so much even after years of arduous work. The competition brought about by the overcrowded state of the profession is, they declare, so great that it is a cruelty to induce men, by inflated estimates, to enter it.

WOMAN'S REALM.

WOMEN MAKE HOMES. They Take Up Abandoned Farms and a Rural Existence.

The problem of the "abandoned" or "run-down" farm in New Hampshire is floundering at least a partial solution, as simple as it is characteristic of the times. These places are being redeemed and beautified in considerable numbers by intelligent single women from Boston and elsewhere, some of whom spend only their vacation in the country. Within a circuit of about twenty-five miles, among the foothills of the White Mountains, one who has the entire of these delightful homes may visit several.

These women, and others similarly occupied, many of whom are well known and well educated, are distinctly recognized in the farming communities where they have become property holders as residents to be counted upon when public improvements are to be undertaken, and public opinion is to be formed.

One woman, for example, who has for the present given up her profession on account of her health, has bought a farm of rather exceptional value, because it includes fertile "intervale" land. On this she raises large hay crops. She has put dormer windows into the quaint old house that she found in the place, fitted it up with old fashioned furniture, put settles beside the big fireplace in the living room, hung a crane and kettles in it, and placed old oil paintings and prints on the walls. Here she entertains summer boarders and winter house parties.

Another woman farmer, Miss B., has come from the West and established herself on so high a hill that she is unusually safe from intrusion. She raises an abundance of fruit and vegetables of unexcelled quality and enough hay for her stock. With her own hands she makes the delicious butter served on her table. One man can do her outside work. One strong woman does the heaviest work of the household, and with no temptations to spend her wages, she is making money. Her mistress is not doing this, but she is making enough to live on, and is spending her days amid glorious mountain views, in dust free and ozone charged air, where her relatives and friends from far and near are only too glad to join her in summer. In winter she has time for congenial pursuits.

Within neighboring distance of this place yet a third woman has bought a farm, as an investment rather than a home. She goes up in the early summer to do the needed repairs and cleaning and to get her quaint old stuff into its most effective positions. Then she leaves it for the tenant, who has seen her advertisement and has come hundreds of miles, perhaps, to this spot hidden among orchard and forest trees, far from any much traveled road.

One enterprising woman has made her house an absolute model of comfort and beauty—an object lesson to farmer folk and city people alike, and both come from miles around to see it. She is improving her place in many ways; valuable timber is carefully guarded, wild fruit trees are being grafted; rare plants, like Labrador tea, are cherished; comfortable benches are placed where specially fine views of the mountains are commanded. Many varieties of wild berries, reindeer moss, curious ground plants and other plants native only in high altitudes add their interest to the place, while massive granite boulders and gleaming quartz ledges add their picturesque charm.

In another part of the State a young woman, who is an amateur artist, has converted an abandoned farm into an all-year-round home of such elegance and proportions as to suggest an English estate. Landscape gardening is a conspicuous feature of her undertaking. She raises cattle, horses and sheep on a considerable scale, and goes so far as to have her wool woven into fabrics and designs of her own selection.—New York Tribune.

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It is the lever of success, the fulcrum of all happiness in the home, the peacemaker between nations. It is the recognition of love above all things else, and is the golden key that unlocks all doors. Without it life is a desert, a dreary nothingness; for, devoid of the smiles and good nature of woman, the whole world assumes whatever the serious minded pessimist may make it.

tunately for the peace of mind of the Audubon Society and the birds of paradise in general, artificial trimming is more fashionable than aigrettes and wings, for this is distinctly not a feather year. Hats have been surmounted with raw figs, pine cones and lemons, while grapes of every type are especially adapted to picture hats. This grand revival of fruits and odd fads recalls the period of Louis XV., when the King's favorite, Marquise de Pompadour, originated the wearing of absurd vegetables in the hair. Pompadour and another woman at court had wagered that the royal ball with violins in her hair. Almost as much to amuse the King as to win her friend's love she favored a bushel of red radishes. Her headdress created a great commotion, and the next day every woman in court had her hair looking like an agave.

Three Styles of Walking Skirt. There are three new styles of walking skirt, says the Chicago Journal. One is short, about an inch above the floor, and has a hip yoke. Another is two inches from the floor, severely plain and with slotted seams and just enough flare at the bottom to give it a modish effect. The third almost touches the floor, and in the back has a little train of about three inches. Third style isn't for rainy weather, and is amenable to the side-clutch, being light-weight at the border on account of its banded plainness. This long walking skirt that must be held up seems to be designed as a convenience to wear in the street when the walk ends in a house affair of an informal sort, not particularly dressy, but to which the long skirt is adapted.

A Bravo Woman. The French Academy has awarded the Andrieff prize of 15,000 francs to a woman—Mme. Meyrier, wife of the French Consul at Diarbekir. The Consul and his wife were present in that town at the time of the Armenian massacres. In 1895, says the Westminster Gazette, Mme. Meyrier sheltered, fed and cared for more than 700 Armenian refugees in the Consulate building, which was several times besieged. M. Meyrier and his staff repulsed the Turkish assailants time after time. This lasted twelve days, and when all immediate danger had disappeared the rescued Armenians left, showering blessings on the heads of their saviors. Six months later Mme. Meyrier led a caravan of 600 Christians to the coast, a fortnight's journey. The valiant woman led the band on horseback, with her four children following in a litter, and passed with her party through the midst of hostile tribes. She reached the coast in safety, with all the refugees under her care.

Coats for Babies. Long cloaks are fashionable again for small babies; they are made of silk or cloth. These have generally a coat to wear under them, but may be in themselves. If made with inter-lining or wadded lining, quite warm enough. The objection, of course, is that the baby's hands cannot get out, but for a tiny baby it is often well to keep the hands covered in very cold weather. All white should be used until a child is a year or two old, and even then it is a mistake to use anything but light colors. Cloth coats, ribbed silk, bougainville and poplin are all fashionable, and the style is the same for one and all. No coat or other garment that a baby wears should be made in a way that will not allow of its being cleaned frequently.—Harper's Bazar.

Women in Holland. The right of mothers as well as fathers to decide regarding the domicile, choice of profession and marriage of minor children has been recognized legally by the Dutch Parliament. Holland has also passed a law by which women may be appointed guardians of children not their own.

Pretty Things to Wear. Gray shades are known as storm, cloud, pearl, moonlight and monkey. Visionary blue is a delicate tint with a hint of gray that is very effective. Holland bows of delft blue satin promise to figure largely as a hair decoration during the season. A new fancy in auto wraps, also English, is a coat of white hair seal lined with flannel in check effect. Prune shades in combination with violet and lighter toned purple are used to some extent in autumn millinery. One of the daintiest things in neckwear is a French stock of white foulis silk combined with linen cord and hand work. An English novelty in motor coats is of brown frieze, leather lined and set off with leather buttons. The wide cuffs are lined with fur. Some of the new felts in ivory and white are exceedingly picturesque, as are the Lamballe shapes in white and pastel tinted silky leaves. Short coats of fur will be much worn and considerable is anticipated for gray squirrel and minkskin, relieved by colors of white cloth, embroidered.

Quite the newest neck bow is lightly bowed in order to hold the lace stock upright. The bow is set at the back of the neck, and is in reality a very full rosette of black baby velvet. Trimmings cover a wide range and include guipure, appliques in white and colored cloth, oriental embroideries in tinted worsteds, braiding, long tassels and cord and chenille and crochet cords. As garniture for dark cloth costumes exquisite designs in decorative cashmere have been introduced woven on plain pastel tinted cashmere bands in delicate tones of yellow, brown, blue, green and pink.

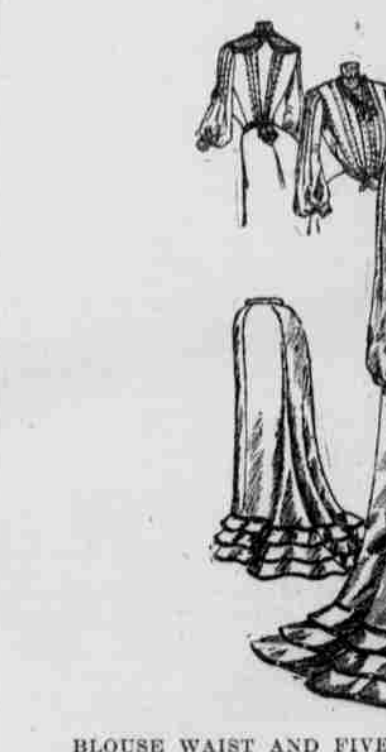


New York City. — Double breasted coats, that are loose at the front but fitted at the back and fall to just the line of the sleeve when the arm is



dropped, are always in vogue. This stylish example, from a design by May Manton, is shown in black smooth-faced cloth with folds of black velvet, inset and stitched with corticeil silk, but all cloaking and jacket materials are appropriate. Handsome raised metal buttons serve to close the double breasted fronts. The coat is cut with fronts, backs and under-arm gores, and is carefully shaped and fitted. Over the seams are applied bias straps of the material, and the collar and lapels are inset with silk velvet bands. At each front is inserted a convenient pocket that is finished with a deep pocket lap. The sleeves are in regulation coat style with the roll-over cuffs that mark the season. The right side is lapped over the left and the coat closed in double breasted fashion with buttons and buttonholes. The quantity of material required for the medium size is two and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide or one and seven-eighths yards fifty-two inches wide.

Woman's Blouse Waist. Tucked waists, with what is known as the "Princess" closing, or closing effected by bring two pleats together, are among the novelties of the season and are singularly effective. The stylish



of the waist proper are tucked for their entire length and are extended to form the yoke or shoulder straps, and are joined to side portions that are tucked for a few inches only below their upper edge. The back, however, is simply plain and the closing is effected through a regulation box pleat at the centre front. Onto it is faced the yoke, that looks into place at the left shoulder, and over it is arranged the waist. Front and backs both are tucked and the fronts are brought together over an underlap to form what is known as the "Princess" closing at the centre. The ornamental collar is arranged over the neck, finishing the edge of the yoke, and is completed by a curved strap that crosses at the front. At the throat is a regulation stock. The sleeves are tucked to the elbows but form soft puffs below, being gathered into cuffs at the wrists. The postillion is pleated with jabot effect and is attached to the belt that crosses in front.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and a quarter yards twenty-one inches wide, three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide or two and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, with seven-eighths yards of all-over lace for collars, yoke and cuffs. Habit backs are much in vogue and are promised still greater favor. This smart skirt is one of the latest shown and is admirable for all suit, gown and skirting materials. The skirt is cut in five gores that are shaped to fit the figure closely about the hips and to flare freely below the knees. At the lower edge are three circular flounces that are curved to give the new flat effect and one, two or all of which can be omitted. To cut this skirt in the medium size twelve and three-quarter yards of material twenty-one inches wide, ten yards thirty-two inches wide, seven yards forty-four inches wide or six and three-

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Care of Metal Furniture. Iron grates and other metal furniture may be preserved and kept bright when out of use by painting with a thick paste of fresh lime and water. Use a fine brush and smear the lime on as thickly as possible over all polished surfaces. Even if a house be closed, the iron work will be safe without further attention.

To Make the Air Fresh. A few drops of oil of lavender in a silver bowl or ornamental dish of some kind, half filled with very hot water, and set in the dining room just before dinner is served, gives a delightful and intangible freshness to the atmosphere of the apartment. Some hostesses have a small receptacle for this perfume placed in parlor and dressing rooms, when arranging the house for a festivity. The suggestion is especially valuable to the hostess in a small apartment, which sometimes in the bustle of preparation becomes stuffy.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Rice Border. A rice border is one of the most satisfactory accompaniments for a savory ragout, or other mixture which utilizes the meat left over. Boil the rice, and while hot line with it the bottom and sides of a buttered cake or tin baking dish. Cut the meat (chicken or veal is especially adapted to the purpose) into small pieces, season it with salt, pepper and a bit of bay leaf, and cover it with gravy left from the meal at which it was first served, with hot water flavored with beef extract, or better than all, with stock. Cook the mixture until the meat is tender. Then fill it into the rice border, put a layer of rice over the top and bake. When it is nicely browned wipe the sides and bottom of the dish with a cloth wrung out of cold water and turn onto a hot platter. Pour tomato sauce over the form and serve hot.

A Handy Tool. About the handiest tool imaginable is an ordinary pair of stout gas pliers. In a household there are innumerable small jobs and odd repairs to be looked after on account of constant wear and tear. I have been forced to put myself to my own resources in this line, as the "men folks" are nearly always too tired from their daily work to be bothered in the evening by such small and sometimes trifling matters, but which, in the aggregate, amount to a great deal in the end. Now during the last great housecleaning season the pliers were never absent from the pocket of my apron, and were my steady companion. I have succeeded in pulling the most refractory and inaccessible nails and tacks with them. I have tightened up loosened window shade springs until they were as good as new, thus saving the expense of new rollers. I have repaired a pair of eyeglasses which would have cost me at least fifty cents to have repaired. I have pressed badly bent tinware and other kitchen utensils into shape, which otherwise would have been useless. It is invaluable in sewing thick fabrics, such as carpets, rugs, tapestry portieres, leather goods, etc.; by its use the waxed needle and thread pulls through like a charm. In the culinary line it will be found useful, at a pinch (of course, it must be washed first) to hold bread while toasting, for lack of a regular toaster. It is the only thing for cutting and twisting wire and for cutting the wire from wired bottles without injuring the hands. For holding hot tinplates, etc., it is also convenient.—Table Talk.

Beet Salad—Boil beets until tender; peel, slice and let them stand in vinegar overnight; to one cup of chopped beets add one cup of chopped cabbage, one cup of cut celery, half a small onion minced and a little salt; pour over a French dressing.

Stewed Mushrooms — Wash half a pound of mushrooms; remove stems; scrape and cut in pieces; peel caps and break in pieces; melt three tablespoonsful of butter; when hot add mushrooms; cook two minutes; sprinkle with salt and pepper; dredge with flour and add half a cup of hot water or stock.

Yellow Pickle—Chop two gallons of cabbage, sprinkle with salt, and let stand overnight; squeeze dry and put into a kettle. Add two ounces of celery seed, one of turmeric, a quarter of a pound of mustard seed and five pounds of sugar, with vinegar to cover well. Boil until the cabbage is tender. Put in stone jars and cover close.

Turkish Soup—To one quart of veal stock add two tablespoonsful of pearl sago that has been soaking in water on the back range one hour; cook this until transparent; beat two egg yolks; add to them half a cupful of cream; add this to the soup; season with salt and pepper; the soup must not boil after the eggs are added or it will curdle.

Banana Cup—Rub the pulp of three bananas through a sieve, add the grated rind of one lemon and the juice of two lemons; pour over this a generous half pint of hot water and set in a cool place for several hours. When cold stir well, add one-half cupful of sugar and lastly a siphon of soda water. Serve in glasses half filled with shaved ice.

Spice Cake—One-half cup of butter, two-thirds of a cup of molasses, one cup of milk, one tablespoonful of soda (level), one tablespoonful of vinegar, one-fourth teaspoonful each extract of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, two and one-half cups of flour (heaping), and one teaspoonful of cream tartar. Cream the butter and sugar, add the milk and one egg well beaten; then the molasses and flour sifted with soda and cream tartar; lastly the spices. Bake in a loaf in a moderate oven about forty-five minutes.

